The New Unity

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TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

Not men, but things, are tyrants. The true tyrants are the frontier, the beaten track, routine, the blindness of fanaticism, deafness and dumbness caused by diversity of language, dispute caused by diversity of weights and measures and coin, hate born of dispute, war born of hate. All these tyrants have a single name—separation. Division whence issues the Reign, is the despot in the abstract state.

—Victor Hugo.

THE NEW UNITY goes to press too early to contain this week any news of the Congress, but the indications at the present writing are that the program will be realized with but few disappointments. The action of the Standard Club of Chicago, which for the second time tenders the Congress delegates and its friends a reception at their elegant and commodious club house, has changed the program for Thursday night and thereby greatly enriched it. Dr. Momerie, Mr. Sheldon and others have arrived. For further tidings the readers of THE NEW UNITY must wait.

DID you ever hear a dog sing? They call it singing when a combination of notes is discovered that will make a dog howl in more or less unison with the instrument. It does not show any musical talent in the dog, for he usually responds to anything but good music. It shows no musical talent in the performer, but merely that he can adapt his noises to fit the ideas of a densely ignorant but emotional dog. A friend asks whether this is anything like campaign oratory and campaign flapdoodle and the responsive chorus of the voters, during election days.

LEAR, in his nonsense book, after a general disclaimer of any seriousness and an entire abnegation of any intelligence whatever, speaks of "That serene and sickly suavity of the truly virtuous." He might have gone on with remarks about the criminally complacent inanity of the citizen with a full stomach. These are the people who are handing down to posterity the decision that men cannot govern themselves. A precious heritage; an honest fulfilment of the duties of citizenship; a magnificent excuse for eating three times a day, and expecting a tearful and expensive funeral. And these fellows are "Most of us."

THE ruling under which six thousand souls, unnamed privates of a lost cause, came to die at Camp Douglass, was a fatal, grievous ruling; it was a piece of human blundering which makes the pathos of it sublime; but the *over*-ruling which made these pale wearers of the gray, the lost privates of a lost cause, ministers of reconciliation thirty years later, is altogether divine. At last the fallen rebels of Camp Douglass are marshalled in proud pomp as stalwart comrades in the unbroken army of human progress. Holding aloft the banner of self-denial, they beckon the reserve lines of humanity onward to the high grounds of unselfish consecration. These holy tablelands whereon people died for a purpose prove that God has uses for a holy purpose, though it be based on false logic and striving for fell results. God has uses for the right man even in the wrong place, and He has not much use for the wrong man in the divinest place. Give us rather the sad sincerity of the unlettered boy in gray who followed his heart until it landed him in the nameless trench in yon cemetery, than the plumed champion of the winning cause who looked down with distrust upon the workings of God's shuttle in Oakwoods last Thursday, as it wove a holy mantle of sympathy out of the reconciling tears of sincere men and women. This was a mantle large enough not only to cover a nation's wounds, but large enough to fall in gracious folds over the bitter antagonisms of a discordant world.

CHICAGO, in some quarters, has recently been much torn over the request of certain lovers of the saddle that more bridle-paths should be provided in the South Park system, and the suggestion that such a request might be granted on one of our boulevards by the transplanting of a row of elm trees which is suffering from being one of three rows on a strip of ground which could bring but one row into noble maturity. It is encouraging to see how promptly public sentiment rushes to the rescue of the elm trees. It is not so encouraging to find how little respect or concern Chicago has for the gracious, old-time and never-to-be-outgrown delight of the horse. Surely somewhere on our broad boulevards there is room for the bridle-path; and if the original landscape engineers overlooked that need, Chicago is young enough to correct a mistake, to start out right, so that in the future the man of one horse, as well as the man of no horse but with a wheel and the man with no wheel but his two feet, will be as welcome a guest on public domains as the man who drives four-in-hand and the lady who takes her gaily dressed footman out for a drive. This age of electricity has brought release to thousands of horses. No longer must they toil on the street car lines. Let the horse on that account become more and more the companion and playmate of man. Chicago has a vast space to grow in. It can spread from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. There is room enough for both the bridle-path and the elms. Give us both, Honorable Commissioners.

WE pity the mental constitution and moral nature of Mr. Boutelle of Maine, who last week telegraphed the mayor of Chicago, begging him to stop the disreputable proceedings at Oakwoods Cemetery, where the gray and the blue joined in the dedication of a monumental shaft over the unmarked graves of six thousand private soldiers of

the Confederate army who died as prisoners of war in Camp Douglass, Chicago. It was an epoch-marking gathering. Generals Longstreet, Wade Hampton, Fitz-Hugh Lee and four or five other more or less famous leaders of the armies of the lost cause, came to join with the citizens of Chicago in the impressive ceremony. The shaft is a noble one, crowned with the figure of an unarmed private soldier. The occasion was most impressive. Veterans of the gray and blue who had marched through the blood-stained fields of history, approached from contending sides into a divine harmony of reconciliation found in a common good, sought in antagonistic ways. Through strife they touched the fellowship of sincerity. Great generals, whose tramp once stirred the nations, uncovered in humble reverence, in the presence of thousands, the monument reared in honor of the untitled, unnamed privates who gave all they had on the wrong side in the right way, so that the great Economist of the universe gathered them in His arms and said, "Inasmuch as ye stood out in a manly fashion, inasmuch as ye bore uncomplainingly the bitter price of loyalty to ill advised vows, you have done it for me and for mine."

"All you could ever be,
All men ignored in thee,
That you are worth to God
Whose wheel the pitcher shapes."

Poverty Preventable.

Christianity in the past has been content to do what good it might from time to time to the poor, regarding them as fixed factors in the providence of God. It has tried to make the worst of a bad matter by encouraging the poor man to feel that he may be wealthy over there, and trying to compel the rich man to feel that he may save his soul by being good to the poor man here. But a higher, as it is a later, conception is creeping upon us. This says that while the poor we always have had with us, the poor—in the sense of wretchedness, degradation, solidified helplessness and social misery—we need not have with us always, Jesus notwithstanding; poverty, using the term in its sociological meaning, is a curable disease. Wretchedness in the way of vast areas of hunger, of exposed, ill-housed and ill-clothed communities, is preventable. It is a disease of the body politic that is curable. The slums of our great cities can be and will be washed out. Science now knows how to flush out and renovate the most miserable quarters in this city. The science of sociology is in its infancy, so much so that some of our colleges have not yet put it into their curriculum because they say nobody knows what it means, but it is sufficiently developed already to largely diagnose the case. We know what the matter is, and to a great extent we *know* how to cure it; but we will not, simply because there is not conscience enough developed yet in the community. Wealth is not commensurate with intelligence. There is a vast disproportion between the wealth of the world and the integrity of the world. The power of making money and of keeping it is as yet out of all proportion with the sense of responsibility and the awful obligations that go with such possession and such accumulation. The passions of man will remain; but they need not find expression in the disreputable concentrated form of the back districts in our cities, were it not for the greed of the land-owners who find that it is profitable to accommodate such tenantry. Stead's book on Chicago is not above criticism, but it is a perfectly legitimate study in sociology to ask, Who owns this property and what are these landlords doing to renovate their property? These crowded districts represent the festering sores on our body politic. The sore needs to be lanced that the evil matter may escape. It must be scattered. It is a question of enforcing the old-fashioned building, ventilation, water, street and other ordinances. We have now on the statute books of every city everything we need to practically reduce the crowded horrors of these territories. The farmers of the Mississippi Valley are today suffering for want of adequate help. Chicago has a limitless area for extension. If the city would but give the public the benefit of its franchisement we could practically annihilate space even for the poorest by our cheap and rapid transit. We must humanize the landlords before we can lift up the tenants. We do not mean to say that, immediately, the wealthy man can make as much by championing the cause of virtue as he can by winking at the iniquities of crime, but he must learn to do with less money. It is his divine privilege to go without an income rather than to take it out of the sweater or out of the sweat-shop tenant. There are some things in our city life that can be renovated only by fire. A great saving, searching, sanitary blaze some day will come. We wish it might come by the deliberate election of men, by the resolve of the landlord himself. We must burn out the rude hovels and, once the ramshackle buildings are gone, the tumble-down pest-houses, moral and physical, are removed, then let the city administration be righteous enough to prevent forever their being rebuilt in the same place and the same way. It is not true that it will only necessitate their being builded elsewhere. These horrors can be chased off the face of the earth, and they will be and they must be, and it will be done by the infusion of an intelligent conscience into corporate society. It will be done by the world getting acquainted with one another: the wealthy man finding out how much nobility there is in the poor, and the poor finding out how much humanity and kindness there is among the wealthy. The best thing about the social-settlement idea, is the *settlement*. The Hull House of Chicago has a brilliant catalogue of things it has done, and it is still doing some more. But let not it or us be deceived. It is not its coffee house or its art gallery, its science clubs, no, not its kindergarten, nor anything it does, but it is what a very few of the people over there are those who have a sublime contagion of unconscious excellence.

We hear much of the degradation and the squalor, the filth and crime of the Chinese section of San Francisco. But I was informed by a member of the city council when there that about the most profitable ten acres of ground in the city, to the proprietors, was that Chinese patch; and it was owned by Americans. The cupidity of the capitalist enters at least into the problem alongside of whatever race element there may be in it. The Hull House books noticed in our last, reveals to us the pestilential districts of our city; and the most pestilential elements there, the cause of the pestilence, lies outside, not inside. The call is for those who will renovate the outside corruption. Just now there is a spasm of cleanliness in Chicago. Let us begin west of State street with our street cleaning. If any alleys are to be neglected let those that open onto our avenues be neglected. From Michigan to the lake there is wealth enough among the citizens to clean their own alleys if need be; and if there is not money enough in the city treasury to clean the whole city, it is because this strip east of State street, between Lincoln Park and the Midway, contains so many people who have lied to the assessor; because property has been wickedly undervalued on our tax roll. O for more civic conscience, a corporate moral sense; less gospel of sentiment and more gospel of sense. Pulpits have called much for a heart religion. God save Chicago with more head religion. One misses in the Hull House book any paper on the "Relation of the churches to this life of squalor and depravity." Where are the churches in this life-saving business? The Hull House and kindred settlements stand up to accuse the churches before the bar of God for disloyalty to their trust. The churches have abandoned their opportunity. They have refused the work which these unordained young women and young men have taken up.

Let every church keep to the work of building a *settlement* right where it is,—a settlement that will communicate sense and sobriety to the community to which it belongs; a settlement that will awaken intellectual enthusiasm and love of art right where it is; a settlement that will be a busy center of disinterestedness, a divine ganglia of spiritual nerves, throbbing with life seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year; a settlement that will occupy with benign forces all the space that it can build on, as big a lot as it can pay for. The Hull House of Chicago is a small and inadequate beginning of that great Church Settlement, the divine workshop where God-inspired men will do everything the Hull House tries to do with the added intensity and consecration of a religious emphasis and a worshipful accent which some day will be possible by a Church Settlement or a Settlement

Church, whichever we prefer to call it. Then we shall not have children at the tender age of fourteen breathing lung-destroying filings in poor cutlery shops which the more humane laws of England would close on account of imperfect construction. We shall not have sweaters working fifteen, eighteen and sometimes twenty hours a day during five months in the year, then lying idle the remaining seven months, simply because the dealer can push his competitor the harder by such intensity.

We are all criminals in this matter, and the burden of our crime will grow heavier and heavier as the situation is explained more and more by these experts who are occupying the experimental stations of sociology. Some day our corporate conscience will grow so active that we shall demand of the manufacturer a guaranty that every garment we wear, from the stocking on our feet to the fur-lined cloak or coat that protects us from the winter storm—is manufactured under wholesome conditions and by those who have a reasonable chance to live. We will demand such clothes though they cost us three prices, and we will devote the requisite amount of sense, modesty and good taste to our purchases—and even then perhaps we shall be saving money. Anyhow we shall be helping in the readjustment of society and sharing in the day when the poor we shall not have with us, because the wealthy of mind, the conscience-millionaires, will have made this kind of wretchedness impossible.

The Opportunities of the Liberal Congress.

Next week, Sinai Temple will open its hospitable doors to the delegates to the Liberal Congress and the friends of the movement. That this year's deliberations will be marked by the spirit of catholicity and tolerance which was so characteristic of all utterances last year, is so certain that no prayer for this wish's realization is in place. The names which appear on the program are sufficient guaranty for this confidence.

But tolerance and good will abound, thank God, so plentifully in this country that for their emphasis alone no congress is needed. That today the current of religious life should tide toward closer co-operation is also a thought too commonplace to require formal illustration or repeated appeal. The Congress must demonstrate its right to be by a message of less familiar ring. And it must do this in the full recognition of the differences which distinguish the various contributing bodies. For we, for one, cannot dissimulate the conviction that these differences are vital, however strongly they may be counterbalanced by the concordances. The most radical Jew is still a Jew and has the right to be such. If the Congress were intended as an invitation for the Jew to disclaim now his Judaism, the cause dear to all would suffer irretrievably. It is only with the firm ground of Judaism under his feet, that the liberal Jew may hope to have strength sufficient to do his part for the wider movement. And what here has been said of the Jew, applies as forcibly to the Unitarian, the Universalist, the adherent of Ethical Culture, or the Independent. Home ties and home inspirations must not be weakened.

This much perhaps may be claimed for the Jew. Of all, he has least to fear in joining his forces with the willing regiments, marching under the liberal flag, but recruited in other religious provinces. Judaism, of whatever newly invented qualifications, may without the slightest concessions on its part of any of its vital affirmations, co-operate with the avowed purposes of the Congress. For even orthodox Judaism is liberal in the non-Jewish use of the term. It is humanitarian; its sympathies are not restrained by the confining walls of its own chosen Talmudic isolation. Judaism always was a religion for this earth and this life. Sociology much more than theology are its distinctive anxieties. The prophets were the first to urge that religion is as much a force to reform society as it is an inspiration to build up individual character. The Pentateuch and the Talmud are heavy with organized principles, *i. e.* institutions that to our great loss, we have come to regard as secular. Judaism in none of its forms may abide by the distinction between spiritual and secular. Its religion touches all human relations into saintly and sacred import.

The Congress in adopting this view point reiterates the deepest doctrines of Judaism. It is now for this Congress to make the influence of these views tell on our age and society. This transcends the strength of an individual congregation or even an historic liberal church. The liberals must be federated for this work. Federation, not centralization, should be its line of organization. The work of propaganda may be better carried on from a common center than with divided and competitive zeal from many headquarters. The published word speaking of the liberal's ambition should he carried to the waiting masses by an organ representing all. The training of the teacher for pulpit and platform is largely a common interest and a pressing need. Dignified representation and presentation of liberal thought is another.

Welcoming the Congress once more to this city and our own temple, we have no hesitancy in saying that if these opportunities be accentuated, the fruitage of this year's deliberations will be bountiful. Humanity is after all a way of spelling God. To lift up men is the messianic mission nearer to none than to the Jew—and the Liberal.

E. G. H.

It is said that Mihály de Munkacsy received his first encouragement from an American. It was when he was studying under Knaus at Düsseldorf. The Hungarian had changed his name to one adopted from his birthplace, the town of Munkacs. Yet he could have had only painful memories of that place. He was left an orphan in infancy, and was apprenticed as soon as possible to a furniture-painter. His struggles to free himself were many and long, but were finally crowned with complete success.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The World Is So Wide.

BY EDITH WILLIS LINN.

The world is so wide; and the heavens so vast and so still;
The ocean so mighty and deep; so far stretches the plain!
What matter if here in this tiny spot pain hath its will?
Victors somewhere are wearing the laurels true service must gain.

Why care then who doeth the deed, if the deed be well done?
The good deed that somewhere will certainly find the strong arm.
Why ask who the runner so long as the race be well run?
Need the singer be named, if the song hath the power to charm?

So wide is the world! Somewhere waits the great service and true,
I am weak! I am bound! I cannot be up and away!
O, heart, trust to others their duty, this spot is for you!
Stand firm, be but true, and God's service shall find you each day.

Mrs. Juneberry.

BY MRS. JOHN——.

"My dear," said John to me one day, "My dear, has John Jr. ever been converted? Mrs. Juneberry asked me, and I could not tell her." Was there ever such a John in the world as that? "No," I said, "to be sure not. Why should he? Did not God know enough to make him right the first time, but he must be made over again as soon as born." I will not say that I was not a little angry—just a little—so that my theology may not have been all right. Yet I do not see but the great thing is to keep our babies from being perverted; and as to these religious nostrum venders, who would have us give our children over to them to be twisted and turned and fixed to their mind, and dosed to their notion, I'll have none of it. I would as soon have a Chinese nurse put wooden shoes on the girls' feet to make them small, or have a Flat Head Indian strap boards about their skull to flatten them, as to have these soul-shapers get a chance at them.

This or something very like it, I said to John, while he was eating his muffins; and he said, "Very well, my dear, but you needn't——don't get excited about it." "But I will get excited about it. A woman has a right to a bit of excitement now and then, as well as a man. Not that I am excited,—only angry, as you might say, that any other woman should meddle with my business. Did not God give John Jr. to me; and am I not responsible for him?" "But, my dear, I suppose conversion is a good thing," said John, mildly. "It needs to be done with good discretion and—" "Exactly," I broke in; "exactly, and so you and I will use the discretion." It was plain as a pike-staff that I was in earnest—if I do say it; and John could see it without half looking.

No, indeed, I was not attacking religion, nor was I resisting the spirit. I was only resisting the impertinence of folk who think they must take our children out of our hands, and stuff them full of notions, like a quail or a porcupine that is stuffed after being killed to make it keep. If you don't first kill the moral life and natural beauty out of a child, you won't have to stuff it with something to save it. I don't want a half a dozen stuffed children in my house—even if they are saved in that way. What do I care

about another world if my boys are only grand and noble and pure here and now?

"There, there, my dear!" says John, "but that sounds very much like heresy and I know not what else. You are surely beside yourself—and really Mrs. Juneberry is a very nice sort of a woman, you know; active in all public enterprises." "Indeed she is," said I—a little roiled to hear John praise another woman—for who likes to have "nice" women mentioned by their husbands. "Indeed she is," I said, "active in public affairs. Let her only keep her fingers out of *private* affairs; for I want her to understand our John is private property, and he is not one of the heathen, to have tracts sent to him, nor is he one of the sinners at all. He is a little angel, that he is." At which I flew to him, caught him up in my arms, and half smothered him with kisses. The fact was I was used up. It is that way with me always. When I get angry I say awful things, and terribly to the point, and when the blaze burns up my kindling, I have no fuel left, and so my anger goes out. But as for Mrs. Juneberry and her crony Mrs. Fitz-Adams, let them take care of their own children; there are not any in town that more need it. I do not like peripatetic corn-doctors nor do I like peripatetic soul-doctors either. Everywhere, up and down, except attending to their own business!

Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 17TH.

Morning Session.

After the address of the president and the report of the treasurer, Mr. Gould touched briefly on the distribution of the work of the secretary during the absence of Mrs. Perkins in Europe. Then upon motion of Mr. Duncan the chair appointed the following as a committee on business, to report at the afternoon session: Rev. L. J. Duncan, Rev. J. Ll. Jones, Rev. Geo. B. Penney, Mrs. Wanzer and Miss E. E. Gordon. Attention was then called to the special topic of

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNIONS.

The paper on this subject by Rev. E. A. Horton, which was read by his former associate, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, will be found in full in another column. In commenting on this paper Mr. Bulkeley admitted that the results obtained in Boston could not be duplicated anywhere in the west, owing to the distances. In his experience the large attendance at these unions, the enthusiasm shown there and the stimulated interest in those present had all stamped the meetings as a success. Often as many as fifty schools had been represented by delegates, and these reported to their respective teachers' meetings on their return, so as to give the whole schools the benefit of the session. The programs were usually prepared by the directors of the union, these being chosen from among the delegates. No effort was made to have any special connection between the themes for consecutive meetings, but the topics were always closely related to the Sunday School work. One point worth noting was the heartiness with which all joined in the devotional exercises which usually preceded the discussions. Incidentally, Mr. Bulkeley touched on the fallacy of the common remark that we should not bias the minds of our young people. He thought they could not grow up without being influenced in one direction or another, so that we were not only justified but in duty bound to make this bias in the direction where we see the hope of our future churches.

Mr. Jones spoke of the barrier to union meetings at Chicago due to the lack of suitable quarters in the heart of the city. If we had a cozy down-town home where we could hold such meetings, we could count on delegates from 12 or 15 schools. Some years ago we had a quite successful series of Monday noon meetings led by various ministers and held in a room seating eighty.

Rev. A. M. Judy, on behalf of the committee on local unions, spoke of Davenport or Moline as a center for eight schools, with similar openings at Kansas City and at Sioux City. Probably quarterly or annual meetings would be sufficient. Mr. Horton in his paper had spoken from the teacher's standpoint, but Mr. Judy wanted to go farther and enthuse both the pupils and the parents. If special attention were paid to the services at a yearly union meeting, these could be impressed on the pupils. "Then the parents should be brought to these meetings, since they need educating in this matter even more than the pupils. It is at once ridiculous and sad that the parents should feel the utmost responsibility for the intellectual education given to their children, but none at all for their ethical training. This ominous point must be overcome and we must awaken in the parents a sense of their ethical responsibility. Do this and the needs of the average school will be filled—you will have teachers and money and scholars."

Further discussion of the subject by Miss Gordon, Miss Hultin and others brought out the question of traveling expenses as an obstacle to such meetings. The expenses of all the delegates could be summed up and then proportioned according to the number attending from each place. In this way the local parties would help to bear the expense of the visitors. The proper time for such meetings was hard to pick, as many teachers are occupied during the weekdays, and perhaps leave town during the summer. In some cases the union could be held in connection with the state conference, but it would be better to have an independent session with all the interest centering in the Sunday School work.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS.

Rev. R. F. Johonnot in a talk on this subject explained the best method as yet tried in his school and one which had many advantages over the customary plans. The system was devised by the superintendent of his Oak Park school, Mr. Roberts, and takes the place of the class books, collection envelopes and record books. A neat collection tray is used for each class and this has clips for holding a ruled slip on which the class record is entered. A new slip is used every Sunday and the record is in such shape that the secretary can make his general entries on a quarterly slip very quickly. Then there are no books to get scratched up, wrongly marked or not marked at all, since the secretary can see at a glance that the entry has been properly made. The weekly slips are perforated to fit clips in the collection trays and can afterwards be filed away for reference. From the slips an entry is also made on an attendance chart which shows the number of Sundays that every scholar has been at church and at Sunday School. This chart, being kept in a conspicuous place, forms quite an incentive to regular attendance, as the record of every individual scholar stands out plainly. There was also a fluctuation chart showing in a graphic way the variation in attendance, collection and the number of visitors at the school from week to week, together with the fluctuations in the weather. This chart had an extra column for remarks as to the causes of any marked deviation from the normal.

Considerable interest in this system was shown by all present, the individual attendance chart being looked upon as likely to prove helpful in steadying the attendance by making each pupil feel his responsibility in the matter—a method far preferable to any attendance prizes or reward schemes. Upon motion the directors were instructed to confer with Mr. Roberts and to ask him to supervise the issuing of a series of these trays, slips and charts in order to bring them within easy reach of our schools. The session then adjourned at 1 P. M.

Afternoon Session.

The topic of *Nature Study in the Sunday Schools* was introduced by Mrs. Anna L. Parker, who first outlined the reasons why the Quincy Sunday School had taken up a graded topic system which starts with a series of studies on home and on nature's environments. She thought the one-topic system more generally used in the west presupposed too much knowledge on the part of both teacher and scholar, and that it in a general way was out of touch with the life of the child. This feeling of dissatisfaction with the one-lesson system had grown upon her until she thought it a snare and a delusion to offer the same lesson to a young lady of eighteen years and a child of ten. Moreover such a plan seemed to ignore the mind of the child and the law of its development, so a graded course was prepared which should adapt our religious instruction to the successive stages of a child's relations to its surroundings as it grows from infancy to manhood or womanhood. This course, even in its unfinished form, seems to have solved the problem of inattention on the part of the scholars, these showing an intense interest in the studies.

The series as adopted by the Quincy school takes for the first grade the child's relations to its home and all that grows out of it. This course is called "Little Duties for Little Children," the topics being: Duties to father, mother, brother, sister, grandparents, little visitors, teachers, schoolmates, servants, to those in trouble, to household pets; Cheerfulness; Unkind Criticisms; How to treat a book; How to treat a plaything; How to see; How to hear; How to act.

The second grade takes up the child in his relation to his physical environment, attention being directed to different phases of nature's workings, and its laws explained. The topics are: The Sun; the Air; the Earth; the Sea; the Water; the Clouds; the Dew; Lightning; the Law of Growth; Mosses and Lichens; Buds and Seeds; Grasses, their varieties and uses; Trees, their varieties and uses; Seeds, the Purpose of the Plant; Animal Life, the Ant, Home Building; the Bee, Home Making; Fish, how and where they live; Birds and their Characteristics; the Human Body.

The third grade studies the child's relations to the greater world, the world of men, and the special virtues which grow out of these relations and which result in character building. The topics are: What we mean by character, Force of character, Simplicity of character, Purpose, Perseverance, Self-control, Truthfulness, Conscience, Sympathy, Gratitude, Reverence, Mercy, Justice.

In the fourth grade the Beginnings of Religion are studied, with Mr. Maxson's lesson

leaflets and Mr. Gould's "Beginnings" as guides. The fifth grade studies the growth of the Hebrew Religion, and the sixth the development of Christianity. None of this work is fully completed, but rather in a process of formation. It is hoped that this summer will see it rounded up so that its usefulness may be tested; then if it stand the test it may be made helpful to other schools as well. The experience at Quincy had shown teachers' meetings to be feasible with such a graded course, there being such a continuity in the whole system that every teacher was interested in what the others were doing. The meeting hinged on what each one did on the previous Sunday, how he did it, what obstacles he found and what he expected to do next time. No lesson leaflets were used, but the scholars were provided with notebooks in which they wrote down questions and golden texts; then they would bring answers to the questions.

Mrs. E. E. A. Holway, who opened the discussion, thought that in order to succeed we must work along the lines of God's laws —the laws of nature—and that we will do this more nearly if we lead the child to know the All Father through the familiar forms or manifestations around us. She believed in starting with the children at the age of six or seven, devoting the first year to nature study, the second to the ethics of home life and the third to the life of Jesus. By this time the scholars were old enough and well enough grounded for a sweet and reverent view of life to take up the so-called six years' course.

Rev. L. J. Duncan reported that he had used Mrs. Parker's course with good results in the younger classes. "We get our education through suggestion. Our purpose in the Sunday School is not simply to teach reverence or theism; the sense of relationship is what we try to impress on the child—the thought that no one stands alone but that each forms a part of the great universe with its orderly arrangement, its beautiful and beneficent order. We first show the child the relationship of man to the great world surrounding us, and then try to make him feel his responsibility in the relationship. Thus the pupil grows to know that he is a child of God, and no one can make him believe the old talk about man's depravity."

Mr. Albert Scheible thought the time had come when we should look upon our Sunday Schools not so much as schools of religious history as schools of character, and that we could draw our character-building lessons less readily from the legends of three thousand years ago than from the realities of today. Then, as the topics for the coming season in our six years' course are hardly teachable to the younger classes, there is a good chance to try on a large scale the nature-study courses as used at Quincy, Streator and Decorah. To do this well means a lesson leaflet based on the combined experience of our workers, and, as illustrations are far better for nature-study work than word-picturing, it means an illustrated lesson sheet. If this were of the same size as the ones issued this year for Mr. Crooker's series we could devote the inner two pages to the nature study outline and have a striking picture on the front page This would still leave a page for helpful matter of a general nature—poems, stories and the like. Such a paper would do three things: First, it would prove a good tool for all teachers and scholars who undertake the nature-study course. Second, it would appeal to the parents by its illustrations (if by nothing else), and thus secure a heartier co-operation of the older ones with the work of the children. Third, it would fill a widely felt need for a liberal Sunday-School paper having its contents within the grasp of the average child, and as such would be acceptable to schools that might not care to join in the proposed course at present. Mr. Scheible therefore advocated the publication of such an illustrated paper by the society.

Mr. Gould added that if our friends would do the compiling and editing without cost to the society, the cost for forty issues would be about fifty cents (in quantities to schools). Miss Gordon suggested that the work be divided among a series of committees, say one each on topics, illustrations, poems, stories, and so on. Mr. Judy moved that it was the sentiment of this Conference to publish a nature-study lesson paper as suggested, and that a committee of five be appointed to make the attempt. This motion was carried; also one making the president chairman of the committee with power to appoint the other four members at his leisure.

So much having been said in regard to what our schools should do, Miss Wanzer of the Third Church added a few words as to what they should not do. The bad example in this case consisted in studying the Book of Acts chapter by chapter; this proved such plodding that all others were advised not to study Scripture in the same way.

The business committee reported in favor of the following nominations, and upon motion the treasurer was instructed to cast the ballot of the society for the following:

President, Rev. A. W. Gould.
Vice President, Miss Mary L. Lord.
Secretary, Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard.
Treasurer, Mr. Albert Scheible.
Directors for three years, Rev. A. W. Gould, Rev. Geo. Stickney, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Rev. L. J. Duncan.

The business committee also presented the following resolutions, which were adopted by unanimous vote:

Resolved that the holding of local Sunday School Unions is recommended to the churches favorably grouped for such meetings, as a means of encouraging the adoption of better methods in work, of inspiring teachers and scholars with a sense of fellowship and bringing more forcibly to the parents the dignity and value of the religious and ethical education carried on by the schools.

Resolved that the Conference tender its thanks to the pastor and congregation of the Third Unitarian Church for its cordial welcome and very generous hospitality.

The Conference then adjourned, 4:30 P. M.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE,
Secretary *pro tem.*

Dancing.

BY REV. JOHN L. ERICKSEN.

I cannot define the word dancing. Neither can I fully explain what poetry is; but when I say dancing is poetry in motion I am probably not far from the truth.

A great many good people—Christians and others—believe and avow that dancing is not wrong, but they will not countenance it for fear of its associations and evil tendencies. If it is not wrong in itself why should we make it wrong? If good moral people use it as an amusement its associations can not be wrong. And dancing used as an innocent amusement by reputable people can not be disreputable. If dancing, then, is lawful, the church should not condemn it, and let the world, so called, have a monopoly on it. A religion and a morality that distinguish right from wrong by accepting or rejecting dancing is of no value. We should rather be so honest, sincere, helpful and good to each other that all fault-hunting people would be forced to say that dancing can't be wrong for *he* or *she* dances.

That the amusement in question may have evil tendencies I will of course admit. But is there anything in God's whole creation that has not? Dancing may lead to sickness, indifference for all higher interests in life, yea, even to drinking and prostitution. But even eating may lead us to an untimely death; should that fact make us quit eating? There are evil tendencies in our own nature, but should that fact make us commit suicide? The tendency of fire is to burn our dwelling to the ground, but I do not suppose that prevents us from kindling a fire in our stoves. All we can do is to guard against all tendencies of evil, but destroy them we cannot do.

If a gathering of intelligent and pure men and women do that which you disapprove, but which even you do not consider a sin in itself, it becomes you to be measured in your disapproval.

I do not know how to dance, never cared to learn it; but I do not, on that account, despise it as an innocent amusement. If other good and honest people enjoy dancing, should I in any way deprive them of that joy? No, God forbid!

Our young people *must* have pure, wholesome amusements. If the church deprive them of the same, they will get it in other places—in the saloons, probably, and even in worse places than that. Mistakes here keep people out of the church who ought to, and would, be within it.

Let our religion be comprehensive, symmetrical and well-developed! Let our young people bring all their bounding spirits, all the sparkling dew and freshness, all their mirthfulness and gladness, with them into the church. Let them put their stored-up feelings, their poetry, into motion, if they desire, but not at the expense of physical health, intellectual vigor and moral refinement! Let all the amusements be a means to the perfection of the whole man in full harmony with the highest moral ideals.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain: lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

The Value of Life.

A DISCOURSE BY PROF. E. G. HIRSCH, PH. D.

There must be moments in the life of everyone when the deeper questions of existence press home close to him with irresistible insistence. However much ordinarily we may be whirled about by the tornado of passions or driven on by the blasts of ambition—however severely we may be tossed about by the ocean of competition and contention, hours will strike when the din and roar will hush, when, to use the phraseology of a German poet, man feels himself nearer to the "Weltgeist" and is permitted to cite fate before the forum of the inquisition. Such hour is generally tolled when a turning point of earthly career is reached. The day which tells us that another year has passed, that a new digit must be added to the number of our earthly twelve-months; the date when children have unfolded from mere buds into flowers, and parents, by the growing grace of their daughters' beauty and womanhood, and their son's impetuous and promising manhood, are reminded that their own life's sun has scaled upwards, is perhaps touching the noon-point—that the shadows even have begun to slope eastward; the hour when two young hearts have found voice to confide to each other the common harmony

struggling within their heaving bosoms; the sad moment when one whom we loved, trusted, upon whom we leaned, who was our pride and our strength, sinks out of our sight under the thick curtain of death's chilly folds—these hours, and others like unto them, cannot but point to feeling hearts and thinking minds the important query: "What is the value of life?"

This question in our day has ceased being the idle sport of unemployed, speculative minds. The value of life constitutes controversy in legal courts, in the books of writers on social topics, of authors on political economy, as well as it does in the researches of the religious philosopher and the message of the teacher of ethics.

A certain value is fixed to life by the statute of this state, for instance, and, with a strange disregard for all mathematical principles, in Illinois the whole is not greater than some of the single parts; for while for the loss of eye, of hand or foot, large amounts may be recovered in damages, for the total loss of life a smaller fixed sum is provided as the maximum by statutory legislation.

Again, in the writings of the sociological and political authors, the question of the value of life is one of deepest concern. Sociology has no doubts that human life represents value. Every life, however mean, has importance for society, for every new life is a new consumer, and a possible new producer, and consumption and production are the great forces of social existence. This view is largely basic to the pretensions of the socialists in the technical sense of that word. Say they: "You agree to the proposition that every life as a factor in consumption and in production is indispensable to the well-being of society, but nevertheless you make no provision for regularity of consumption, and, hinging consumption upon the productive powers of the individual, you again make no provision that the individual, however much he may desire to be a producer, shall find the chance and opportunity to contribute to the wealth of society," —in other words, the theory of what the Germans call "das Recht auf Arbeit," the right not merely to have work when work is plenty and the necessities of industry provide profitable returns for the organizer of work, but the right to be employed at all times, regardless of loss or profit to the employer; this right to employment involved in the concession that as a consumer and a producer every human life has its value.

The position that human life is valuable is also basic to, and directive in, modern philanthropic endeavors. The feeling, sympathetic heart is not the wheel carrying the belt which supplies the moving power to this social function. I have no hesitancy to declare that philanthropy of the heart is much more frequently of evil than it is of good. If I dared say it, I should say it—the trouble with many of our Jewish charities, so-called, is that they are impulses of the heart without further checks of evil to the body social; when they might, with the same means at disposal, become beneficial, not merely momentarily to the recipient, but permanently to all classes.

Life is valuable. This conviction must guide society in organizing its life-saving corps. The babe shall not die in consequence of neglect. The little one's death is a loss to society—a loss that can be computed in dollars and cents. The little angel come from cloud-land to stay a little while here, with a fatal tendency to fly off again into dream and death-land, is a possible producer, and is an actual consumer. Society can spare none; this is the reason why society is bound to call into action the various philanthropic agencies looking to the salvation of child's life.

Were mere sentimentalism the root of the impulse to defend against death, the teeming "ant hills" in ghettos and in slums, I should incline to the opinion urged by no less a thinker than Schopenhauer that our display of sympathy is after all but the exponent of masked selfishness; that the projection of our possible position prompts us to come to the aid of the sufferer, the sigher, the weeper; that the mother, finding another mother with dimmed eyes and heavy heart at the bier of one dear to her, thinks at once of the possibility of her own similar trial, and is influenced by the quickened representation of what might betide her, to speak the soothing word of consolation, and to extend the hand of helpful sympathy. Much more solid is the timber upon which rests true philanthropy. Babes shall not be allowed to perish even in the slums, for humanity is the loser, and humanity is the great parent upon whose support we all depend and to whose strength we all must contribute.

For this reason, too, society has duty to equip a competent service of sanitation. A source of danger to the community are unclean streets and unhealthy tenements, are districts where filth is monarch and vermin is aristocrat. In our daily indifference to these things, we are not always aware of the great social importance of good sanitation, of public cleanliness; but last winter some of you were strongly reminded that the death by plague is not a matter that concerns the family alone that loses its supporter, but is vital to the financial and industrial situation of so busy a hive of enterprise even as is this million city, wonderful Chicago. Unfought pestilence is a crisis in industry as much as it is a crying trial for loving hearts and affectionate men and women.

But this is not the place to go into details as to the social value of life. For what boot to us if we carry hence the assurances that in dollars and cents, my life, your life represents a certain figure? What consolation for the individual to know that his death is also a loss to society? This thought will not dry a single tear in the eye of wife and widow; it will not hush the sigh ringing heavenward, wrung from the oppressed heart of loving father or mother, or of affectionate son and daughter.

Is there no other aspect to the question? We know enough of the different systems of religion, I trust, to need no long explanation that this very question is pivotal in all religions. Yea, there be those who claim, with good show of reason, that were it not for this question temples would no longer be; that altars would no longer flame forth the fire of sacrifice—mass would not be sung, choral would not be entoned, prayer would not be spoken, and petition would not be winged heavenward. True, this motive alone, the uncertainty of the answer, the troublesome issue of the situation, induced Pagan to bow knee before idol representative of a power that could wreathe life in the garlands of happiness, but would do so, alas! so rarely and so charily.

What is life? Natural man discovers at the very dawn of consciousness that life is a bitter disappointment. He is not consulted when this boon, if boon it be, is thrust upon him. Against his will—at least not with his consent, he is ushered into this world. He finds no table spread at which to feast; he is hurled against circumstances that bristle with sharp swords and pointed lances. He builds his home—the storm destroys it. He plants his harvest—the hail batters it down into the mud. He launches his ship—the raging ocean tosses it to wreckage, rock gloats over the fiendish destruction it works, and so chuckles shoal whenever it has baffled and thwarted the intentions of greedy man to bring from distant sunny belt the rare fruit and flower so precious and so highly priced in the colder regions of the flowerless and perfumeless north. Everywhere disappointments! By stranger irony still, life, thrust upon him without his consent, is taken away from him again without consultation. Strangest of all, would he by his own act rid himself of this that he was forced to accept, the world would call him coward, and condemn the deed as rebellious, without basis in morals, deserving censureship most bitter, and exciting horror most ghastly and repelling. Death ends all—spares none. Death like a thief in the night breaks open the barred gate of the palace as well as the battered door of the lowest cottage. He snatches his unwilling victims from the intoxication of the wine goblet, as well as from the despairing agony of utter wretchedness and pinched penury.

The pagan reasons that life is so organized because the gods are somehow not pleased with their own creatures, and reasoning thus, his passion predominant, his despair most insistent is to propitiate them into making life worth having. The gods delight in killing, so man kills to please them. He kills his own child.

In all primitive forms of religion, horrible as the thought is, human sacrifices occur; in the old Hebrew religion, no less than in those forms of heathenism that are today found in the primeval forests of the pigmied African. We still have a custom bloody—which is linked as a substitute to human sacrifice. It cannot be mentioned by name, yet it is dignified to be regarded as a religious rite, though those most strenuous upon its performance are not exclusively of the truest adherents of our religion, but as frequently of those that, in season and out of season, pride and plume themselves upon their emancipation. Their superstition is thinly cloaked in their ready excuse—that they retain the old practice for sanitary purposes. Let the curtain drop on this kind of sanitary Judaism. We shall have none of it, and should have none of it. The rite substituted human sacrifice—it is one of a large family of horrid rites performed to appease the gods ready to snatch life. As to a dog we throw a bone to appease his gnarling, as to a barking detractor of our honor, we occasionally, in our weak hours, throw a sop to escape the horrid yelp, so to the gods, men gave blood and life that they might enjoy what remained for life, and be spared from death in the hours still with them.

Nevertheless, death harvests as it did before; nevertheless, dissapointments came thick and fast. Few went through life bathed in sunshine. The brow of most men was furrowed deeply by the sharp edge of sorrows and anxiety's plow-share.

Paganism in all of its forms is a failure. A failure it is where fetichist worships stone and stock; a failure where fire is bowed to as the living symbol of God; a failure where, even as in Greece, harps strike most beauteous melody, and pencil holds fast on canvas the splendid mirror of nature's bounty, where chisel gifted moulds from unwilling marble, chaster and more perfect than even in human clay, the form of humanity idealized. Paganism ends in the great question with which it began,—What is life?—un-

answered, save by the mocking distress that to breathe is to be disappointed.

Two religions having heard this doleful announcement that life is a husk without kernel,—that notwithstanding sacrifice, the blood of bullocks, the fat of oil, yea even notwithstanding the burning and immolation of innocent children to fiery Moloch, life is a failure, the gods are not appeased,—two religions, I say, having heard this, partly consented to this claim of the antecedent ages, and partly proposed a new solution.

This life is a failure, says Christianity. It was not so intended by God. In this latter emphasis, Christianity differs from Paganism. Paganism ascribes to the gods the intention of making human life wretched. The world was beautiful, says Christianity, and man was perfect—enjoyed happiness in the prime intention of God, the creator. But man disobeyed—that moment the sun for him lost his smile—the moon her winning ways—the stars were darkened—their sparkle became duller—the flowers were robbed of their innocent fragrance—the rivers ran with sadder measure—the rocks frowned with deeper terror—in that hour man lost his crown—dust he became as from dust he was—to dust again shall he return—thorns and thistles will earth give to him instead of bread; unless he struggle with untoward soil, and in the sweat of his brow stamp his conquering foot on dust, his progenitor, starve shall he. He is mocked by all nature. The sun need neither care nor fear the revolutions of the years; the flowers receive at the hand of nature the delicate lacery of their beauteous garments; the lion finds ready to use whatever he needs for sustenance—a growl of his, a jump of his, a motion of his mighty claw, and his dinner is prepared. He need not fret that winter will change into spring, or that spring will, through the gateway of summer and fall, wheel into blear and cold winter—nature has given him the stout armor against which are impotent the arrows of the wintry tempests, while it is pliant enough to give passage to the zephyrs of cooling spring.

Man alone is weak—weak when he cometh—he needs sustaining arm of mother—weak, and yet his entrance into life entails upon mother sacrifice supreme—an object of care and concern at once he to parents. Should he weather the storms of childhood—should he embark on the broader river of adolescence, thousands and thousands are the dangers that beset him, the trials and temptations. Should he be spared to reach man's estate, what is manhood but a constant military duty? He struggles and strives, for whom—for what? He sees the beacon lights of the harbor before him. In the very moment when he is ready to cast anchor, the wind changes and out into the pitiless sea is driven, notwithstanding all his efforts, the ship that carried him and his fortune. He has done nothing to deserve this, yet this is his frequent lot. In distant Asia war breaks out—his speculations miscarry—a rich man today, he is a beggar tomorrow. Should he live long enough to approach the mile post of three scores and ten, he becomes a burden to himself and his staff—he is in the way of his children—he does not understand the dialect of those who have taken his place—they do not understand his jargon. He craves for death and death denies him release, for death delights to tantalize the decrepit, while striking down the bride at the altar—the strong man needed by his family. Death snatches pitilessly the giant, and leaves without pity to suffer and to agonize for years and years the invalid of no use to anyone. All this misery, however, was not intended by God. It is the consequence of man's fall in the beginning.

Still God is merciful. He Himself dies, showing the valuelessness of this life, and the value of the life to come in his resurrection. Those that believe in Him will enter yonder perfect life where all the seeming injustice of this life is adjusted, where the last shall be first, the first shall be last—where certainly the crying burden of ours that goodness leads not invariably to success, and evil often seems crowned with conquest, is compensated and complemented so that the good shall also enjoy and the evil shall certainly suffer. If this is the reply of Christianity to the perplexity coeval with man, still another religion, quick to the old pitiful wail, "Life is a disappointment intended by the gods,"—a religion that counts by the millions its adherents in India, China and Japan—Buddhism,—took up the burden. Did it lighten it? Pessimism is its fundamental note. Life, says it, is of necessity a failure. The shell cannot harbor sweet nut. It cannot be otherwise. By some mysterious agency, we know not why, into the woof of creation was woven a disturbing thread: Selfhood. Unconscious life is not a disappointment. The source of all evil in life is thought, the consciousness of being. This sentient "I" of ours, this "ego" is the source of passion and ambition, in it is rooted universal disappointment. Were we rid of this ego, all would be well. Let us subdue the ego in this world, life will finally event into extinction. The pure and the good are swept again into the very bosom of the creative energy unconscious—the Nirvana is the sure heaven of rest for the patient. This life, shadowed by self-consciousness and stirred by ambition and action, must be—despair.

Are these the only possible solutions? You know enough of the speculations of immortality to remember that the very disappointment of life is the strongest timber in the scaffolding of those that insist that immoratality is axiomatic. And mind you, contrary to common prejudice, it is not merely the foolish minister, the ignorant priest, the fanatic prelate, that insists upon this belief in immortality upon these grounds—mind you, among those that have pleaded for it, are the brighest thinkers that humanity has produced—no less a man than Kant leads the van of the procession. It seems a great moral wrong, that goodness and success are not equivalent. It is the most depressing riddle why the wicked hand often attains the palm, while the pure grasp the thorn.

Therefore, from the view-point that the world is created by God, we must assume that this is but half of revelation. This half must be complemented—this life is but one portion of a covenant.

In old documents—and we still have in our legal phraseology the terminology of these old usages, one party to the contract was given one half of the parchment, and the other the other half, and the papers were marked at the edges with indentures. In order to prove that the one piece of paper belonged to the contract which the other piece called for, the indentures had to fit exactly. Before people knew how to write they took pebbles and broke them, the one party to the contract receiving one fragment and the other party the other, the pebbles fitting were the documentary evidences and legitimations. We still speak of indentures. Somewhat like this, runs the argument for immortality. A just God cannot suffer injustices. We here have but one half of the indented covenant. The next world is the other half. The very injustice of this world proclaims that there must be another world where things are re-adjusted or otherwise God cannot be. This belief in immortality, is a postulate of our belief in God.

Ethical culture does not believe in God, but it believes in the righteousness of the universe,—whatever that may mean, if it does not mean God,—and upon the basis of the righteousness of the world, its fundamental constitution being ethical, how may we reconcile our assumption with the actual facts of life? Why are some of us wicked, yet we succeed? Others are much better than we are—they lag behind. Here is the righteous one that suffers most and the unrighteous one who has amassed money that is still wet with the tear of widow deprived—his children rise into beauty and into health—the least breath lays ours low—they can face the tempest and the rosy hue of their cheek is never blanched by the suspicion of weakness or the kiss, so fatal, of disease. The future state is thus necessary to harmonize the demands of our ethical conscience.

Unless, then, immortality—utter despair. Is this again the only alternative? There have been many poets, many thinkers who have faced the problem boldly. Said Euripides, in his "Medea": "Not now for the first time do I think the mortals merely a shadow; yea, at all times, without hesitation did I speak it out—the mortals that pride themselves with their wisdom and plume themselves with curious wit—they are fools, and of the greatest fools they are the greatest, for there is none on earth that is happy, on this broad earthly globe of ours." "Life is but a walking shadow," says Shakespeare, "the poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." And our own Hebrew preacher, as set to rhyme by Byron,

> Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
> And health and youth possessed me;
> My goblets blushed from every vine,
> And lovely forms caressed me;
> I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
> And felt my soul grow tender;
> All earth can give, or mortal prize,
> Was mine of regal splendor.
>
> I strive to number o'er what days
> Remembrance can discover,
> Which all that life or earth displays
> Would lure me to live over.
> There rose no day, there roll'd no hour,
> Of pleasure unembitter'd;
> And not a trapping deck'd my power
> That gall'd not while it glitter'd.
>
> The serpent of the field, by art
> And spells, is won from harming;
> But that which coils around the heart,
> Oh! who hath power of charming?
> It will not list to wisdom's lore,
> Nor music's voice can lure it;
> But there it stings forever more,
> The soul that must endure it.

So, even poems have sounded a wail of despair and poets have fallen victim to the great crying dissonance. Immortality or nothing. Is there no other escape?

Is not the fundamental trouble this, that all ages and all men have looked upon the outward things, and forgotten the inward rhythm? If man is but an animal, then indeed the whole reasoning is correct. From the animal side of life there is only disappointment in store for us. But man is not an animal, however much he may share animal qualities and functions. That which makes him man no animal has, and he is only man in the degree in which he possesses that which ought to distinguish him from the animal.

They scarce are human beings that pass their life without serious thought—never ask the question, Whence and whither? whose only philosophy is that a turkey well cooked, with an undispeptic organ of digestion, tastes well, and whose only concern in life is always to have the means to buy the turkeys when they are in season. Nor are those human beings whose whole ambition runs in one channel,—to amass money, or even to amass knowledge. These things are bound to disappoint: money must be left to an heir; knowledge may be left in books, and yet a thousand and thousand scholars go to dust—posterity knows nothing of their fabulous science, they cannot transmit it to their children. Only in the rarest cases does the discovery live after the discoverer is gone.

Strength of body, extent of means, depth of knowledge—these are all outward shells that do not make up life, and we are disappointed in life simply because we make these things the essentials where they should be the accidentals—we make them the ends where they should be the means.

Again, much of our disappointment in life arises from the fact that we are not thinkers—we are foolish. There is much truth in the stoic attitude. The only criticism that may be passed upon stoicism is this: that it has become indifferent—the winter has laid its icy rime around the heart. But, with the exception of the element of indifference, stoicism preaches a great truth. We must accept life under the conditions that are involved in the idea of life.

Life involves the concept and the necessity of death. It is not true that Adam would have lived forever, if he had not sinned. This is a dogmatic misconstruction It is writ across the Universe that combination leads to dissolution. Is man the only one that dies? Stars die. Worlds are fashioned to be riven into nothing the next world moment after their appearance. The flowers fade. We men have the conceit that we be an exception, and this conceit is the drop of poison in the cup of our joy.

Two sources of disappointment these, then, that are unreasonable, and therefore not chargeable upon the world power—part of which we are—which has made us and decreed the loss of life. If on outer things you stake your life, you must be disappointed. If you presume to be an exception to the general law, you cannot but find out that your presumption is disregarded, and your very bitterness that follows is the punishmen well deserved for this.

"Teach us to number our days that we may become wise of heart," says our own Biblical poem. We must be wise of heart, then we know how to number our days, then we can know what the value of life is. I know nothing of what comes hereafter. In this I am on strictly Jewish grounds. Those modern rabbis that constantly urge immortality as one of the focal points in the ellipse of Judaism, have borrowed Christian notions to dress up—and not into greater beauty—the fair maiden of Israelitish thought. That maiden is winsome without this new beauty spot that they would attach to her face. That maiden's eye was beaming with love for life. The hereafter was not her solicitude.

Judaism must be a religion of the wisdom of the heart, not of the opiated heart, not of the heart under the influence of anaesthetics, not of the heart that has been drugged, but the heart healthy and sound—a real heart, a wise heart.

What is life from the Jewish point of view? It is duty. It is not beauty necessarily—it is not success—success and goodness are not equivalents. This is the old lesson of the book of Job—and success is not fullness of life, and failure is not deprivation of life—duty is life—the value of life lies in obligations.

Apply this reagent to all these difficulties—it will dissolve them. You weep—you have lost one dear and near to you. What is your consolation? The "spiritual" preacher will say: "Mother, dry your tears. There is a meeting again in heaven. God has taken your child away in his wisdom. That child is saved all your disappointments now. Where that child is, life's storms do not rage—life's bitternesses have no sting—a crown of glory is on the brow of your departed child." Judaism deplores every death. The Jewish preacher cannot say this is consolation. Judaism would have life spared to the utmost—life should be lived to the utmost. And death is a loss in Jewish eyes. But was not that death necessary in the economy of God's righteous education? If so, for you, mother, that death may be a gain and not a loss, for what does that death tell you? Duty. In the inscrutable plan of providence, you were chosen to show the world that duty can even make strong one so heavily burdened as you are. All other consolation is but opium. For the moment it stills the pain, but the day of wakening comes, and when opium has been administered, the waking is more terrible than was the sleepless hour chased away by the fatal drug.

No Jewish mother's heart has ever been hushed into resignation by the thought of a meeting again, or by the thought that the child is saved the pangs that now assail us; but that mother will, as the years go by, if she does her duty, find that life, notwithstanding the one broken string on the instrument, has still other strings that quiver in response to the bow of love that touches them, to the pressure of duty that gives unto them a new, sweet sound.

You have lost one that you loved. There are thousands of children that never knew what love was—go to them. Here is the troublesome issue, what to do with orphans. It cannot be done, say so many, except we house them into great barracks. If the mothers that weep for children would adopt some of those children, not legally, but adopt them in the moral sense of the word, we would not need great barracks—there would be homes for the motherless, homes in the true sense of the word, which the best of asylums, the best of great institutions cannot be. I will say nothing against these institutions—they are grand institutions, but they are merely necessary because we are selfish—our duty we have not learned—but duty is life.

Take another case—you have failed. Why have you failed? You know you have done your duty. Then you can afford to laugh at failure. It is true the world will not regard you. You see someone else less worthy than you that holds circle in society—how they bow and scrape before his majesty—if you are wise at heart that will not embitter you. "What fools these mortals be." So many of your kind are mere fools. Reason aright! Whom are they worshiping there? That man? No. If that man had not the well-filled pocket, no back would curve before him; so console yourself readily, and you can do it. The attention of men that curve before pocket books is not worth having, and he who has it is not thereby rendered more happy, certainly not more worthy.

It is true the individual has claims upon society, and the hardness of society has rendered life for many a failure; but as we advance in the science of duty, and know that duty is not individual alone, but social, these harsh edges will be smoothed off. No life will be hereafter lost when men have learned their duty. Whatever may betide the individual, he will be helped, if worthy, by the community. What socialism preaches from the low platform of consumption and production, that society will learn from the high sign of God's revelation and his law—the law of duty: that where a man has done his duty, society must do its duty; where talent is chained, society must sever those chains.

"What is the good of a training school?" I have heard this week. "It is a luxury. Let them go to the public schools." The public schools in this city must exclude 26,000 children at this time. In educating these children we are relieving the state of responsibility which it cannot assume. In the very district where that school is located, there are, according to the statistics, now a thousand children who have no school opportunity. So ours is not a luxury. The public school might do what this school is doing—should do it, not merely in the Ghetto, but everywhere—in all districts. But my children need not so immediately this new system of education—I can supplement it—we, who are favored by circumstance—but over there, the children must be "found for what they are worth"—we there sever chains that ages of persecution have forged around the ankles and the hands of these unfortunate children—it is not a luxury, and he who talks about that school being a luxury, has not understood the obligation of duty—the philosophy of true Judaism.

Let this congregation, if none other will do it, stand by the flag of its Judaism, which is not dead ceremonialism, and is not dead cemetery—but is the duty, social duty as well as individual duty. As we are doing, society will do hereafter. Then a thousand and one things that render life a puzzle will be brushed away.

So, what is the value of life? If it is on outward things, it is nothing—it is a bother—it is a disappointment. If it is merely to become valuable by a draft promissory on life to come, we have learned to distrust these due-bills drawn on a clearing house about whose existence none has given us yet a tabulated report, and about whose transactions we know nothing. Let philosophies be built on the theory that God needs the next life to verify himself—I am not asking God for his credentials. Let the new philosophers talk about righteousness of the universe, and therefore postulate the existence of another life, where righteousness becomes visible—I will not follow them. I need not follow them. Star and planet, rock and stone, pebble and planet, life and love, all spell for me the one word "duty." Duty gives to life value. Duty need not care for the issue. Duty is indifferent to success or failure, for duty today failure becomes tomorrow triumph. The dutiful man, when he dies, what does he leave? Perhaps no estate—perhaps but few will follow his hearse—no paid minister will sing the praises of virtues which in life were undetected—but he leaves behind an energy for good which the ages cannot sweep aside or arrest. Cast a stone into this lake—you set free a force that forever goes on. Force is indestructible—so is righteousness imperishable.

Personally, immortality is selfishness. Perhaps we will be swept aside as a personality, but Judaism teaches that man, the full man, is part of God—God in this sense of the word is, and being, he can never not be. The value of life is duty here—whatever may come thereafter concerns us not.

He who so numbers his days, is wise of heart. Amen.

The Home

"Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.

Mon.—The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues, the better we like him.

Tues.—The whole course of things goes to teach us faith.

Wed.—What your heart thinks great is great. The soul's emphasis is always right.

Thurs.—To make habitually a new estimate,—that is elevation.

Fri.—What a man does, that he has. In himself is his might.

Sat.—By doing his own work, man unfolds himself.

—*R. W. Emerson.*

One Memorial Day.

Where two great armies had passed by
We found a grave beside the way;
Tangled with grasses of the May
Were star flowers bluer than the sky;
A silent language told it all:
"This is a soldier's grave," it said;
For a broken shell lay at the head,
At the foot a rusty minie ball.

It told not his allegiance,
His birth, his faith, nor whether he
Were of the Southern chivalry
Or a sweet and noble Northern prince;
Whether a lover with bronzed cheek,
A long-lost father hidden there,
A blue-eyed boy free as the air,—
The blue-eyed grasses did not speak.

On the lonely grave beside the way
Fell roses free and white as snow,
Nor did we know or care to know
Whether he wore the blue or gray;
What mattered it if gray or blue
Lay there beneath the shell and ball?
He answered to his country's call,
Her cause was his, his heart was true.

Sleeping so still, does he forget
The marches of a long-gone day?
Heeds he the North wind's bayonet,
The South wind's spring-time reveille?
O soldier, dear, we weep for thee,
Weep for a brother's bitter woes,
And bear away, with this white rose,
Something of God's great charity.

—Agnes E. Mitchell in *American Youth.*

A Parrot at Breakfast.

There is a funny parrot I know about, and I thought maybe the other little girls and boys would like to hear of her, too. She lives in Brooklyn, and is very fond of the lady she lives with. When the breakfast bell rings in the morning, she will push open the door of her cage with her bill, fly down to the breakfast table, take her own chair, which she always knows and occupies at each meal, and wait until the family assemble. If they should not gather as quickly as she thinks they ought, she will call out. "Hurry up, folks, hurry up," and at the same time hop over to the oatmeal dish and attempt to lift the cover; for she is very fond of oatmeal and will make her entire breakfast of it. She would not touch the oatmeal even if able to lift the cover; for she is a very good Polly. After finishing her breakfast she flies right back to her cage.

In the afternoon, when her mistress lies down for a nap, she will nestle in her neck and take a nap, too. She has a wonderful memory. When a friend came to the house after an absence of three years, Polly made an extra effort to welcome her, and called out, "Hello, Polly," very often, as if she would let the friend know how glad she was to see her. She calls everyone Polly, seeming to think that Polly must be everyone's name.—*Our Animal Friends.*

The Toad Undressed.

My uncle and sister and I were out in the garden one day watching a little toad, and my uncle took a twig and very, very gently scratched first one side of the toad and then the other. The toad evidently enjoyed it, for he would roll slowly from side to side and blink very expressively. I was so interested that when they went in I took the twig and did as my uncle had done. If, thought I, he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what would he do if I ran the twig down his back? I did so, and what do you think happened? His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam, showing a bright new coat below, and then my quiet little toad showed his knowledge, for he gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin, taking it off the body and legs first, and then blinking it over his eyes, till—where had it gone? He had rolled it in a ball and swallowed it!—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Half Dozen Boys' Books.*

Juvenile literature grows in richness and variety year by year. History, biography, travels, science, poetry, are all moulded to meet the requirements of the voracious growing mind; the "goody goody" sort still survive because the demand, though declining, still exists, and occasionally one of the blood and thunder "nickel-novel" grade seeks respectability through cloth binding and good paper. But on the whole the boy of today has reason to be thankful, as well as the parents of said boy.

Knox's "Boy Travelers" have wandered far and seen much, and their wanderings in Southern Europe will doubtless be followed with interest by those who have been with them before as well as by many younger recruits. The journey takes them from Venice to Gibraltar; famous cities of Italy, France and Spain being visited, as well as the islands of Sicily, Malta and Sardinia. The boy who already possesses a taste for books of travel will revel in this one, but the boy who has not this taste will, we fear, not have it cultivated by this book. A little more story and a little less didactic conversation would bring Mr. Knox's real merits into the range of enjoyment of more of "the average boy."

Paul Jones proves to be as interesting in a boy's book as he is in history. The author has clothed the dry bones of historic facts with the tinted flesh that appeals to the boys imagination, and yet has conscientiously refrained from drawing on *her* imagination for said facts. And indeed there is little need, for the achievements of the doughty captain supply material in abundance. We cannot help wishing, though, that she had given us more of the man Jones; for as he is presented we cannot help feeling that if the war had not come along just then he would have been a pirate any way.

The author of "The Paradise of the North" has not shown the reverence for truth that disinguished the author of Paul Jones. On the contrary his imagination has proved a storehouse of the most wildly improbable facts. The expedition fitted out according to the instructions of a will seeks and finds the north pole. Adventures and hairbreadth escapes from death in all its imaginable forms abound throughout the narrative, and the discovery of genuine Vikings living in a beautiful city right "on the pole" gives the finishing touch. There is plenty of action, and it will appeal to the "wonderland" side of the boy's nature, though we fear if it made much impression on his mind it might be confusing when he came to study with a view to acquiring some knowledge of the north.

"The Doctor of the Juliet" is a story of the sea, with shipwreck and pirates, the beautiful maiden rescued by the hero, the desert island and all the rest, and nothing more improbable than the hero spending a night in a small open boat and calmly sleeping during a storm that wrecked a large merchantman. But then with the writer of juvenile fiction all things are possible, and the story is clear and fairly well told.

"The Boys Own Guide to Fishing" is the sort of a book that the reviewer believes, had he met with it when a boy, would have enabled him to really catch fish. The author is a practical fisherman by heredity and training, and he tells and shows by very good illustrations just how to prepare all the tackle necessary from materials within the reach of every boy. All sorts of fishing receive attention and each is presented in the order of its season, beginning with suckers in spring and ending with fishing through the ice. If Walton's "Complete Angler" can reach its one hundredth edition in our day there must be a place for this book. We are sure the boys will think so.

"The Story of Washington" is by far the best of our six books from a literary standpoint. Mrs. Seelye has brought to the work both literary ability of a high order and the judicial attitude of the modern critical spirit. We know from the first chapter that conscience is behind the work. This is no "pot-boiler." There is no writing down to her audience. The story is perforce largely history, but it is history with the brains left in, for she succeeds in showing us the real Washington, though in doing it she dethrones the demigod. Even though, as Goldwin Smith tells us, "Washington never won a battle," yet the story will hold the attention of boys and girls as well, and is a much needed corrective of the erroneous teaching of so many of our school books. G. B. P.

*The Boy Travelers In Southern Europe. By Thos. W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Bros., 1894. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 544; $3.00.

Paul Jones. By Molly Elliot Seawell, author of Little Jarvis, Midshipman Paulding, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, 8vo; $1.00.

The Paradise of The North: A story of discovery and adventure around the pole. By David Lawson Johnstone, author of Richard Tregellas, etc. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Cloth 8vo, pp. 302; $1.50.

The Doctor of The Juliet. By Harry Collingwood, author of The Secret of the Sands, etc. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 360; $1.50.

The Boy's Own Guide to Fishing, Tackle-Making and Fish-Breeding. By John Harrington Keene. Illustrated by 82 diagrams drawn under the direct supervision of the author, by Lewis E. Shanks. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 200; $1.50.

The Story of Washington. By Elizabeth Eggleston Seelyr, with one hundred illustrations. Edited, with an introduction, by Edward Eggleston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, 12 mo; $1.75.

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Interstate Conference of Wisconsin and Minnesota Unitarian and Independent Churches

met at Menomonie, Wis., May 21-23. The members were most bountifully entertained by the Menomonie friends and will always remember those three delightful days. The meetings were comparatively good, better, best, and yet each was distinctively good in its way. Cordiality, harmony and earnestness characterized them all and the result must be renewed zeal to work for the full high meaning of the Unitarian doctrine, so finely illustrated, especially in the closing words of Mr. Simonds, of Madison, Wis. Four states were represented by ministers and delegates. As it was not a business conference business details did not enter much into the meetings. We heard of methods and somewhat of results—all showing much work to be done and the need for more workers in the field. Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, make a large field, and there was work enough thought of and talked of to keep twenty ministers busy in three, if not all four, of the states.

The business session of the conferences are held in the fall—but these spring meetings are good to promote "Union of Purpose, Liberty of Thought and Fraternity of Spirit." They bind in close sympathy those of a common faith.

H. G. PUTNAM,
Sec'y. Minn. Conf.

Rocky Mountain Conference.

The sixth annual session of the Rocky Mountain Conference of Liberal Christian Churches met at Denver May 4, 5, and 6. The Conference covers a wide field, from Montana to New Mexico, and but eight organized societies are embraced within it, only three of which have church buildings. Exchanges are not frequent when ministers are from fifty to five hundred miles apart, and our yearly conference means a great deal to us. This last meeting has been no less interesting and inspiring than previous ones.

The meetings opened Saturday evening by a pleasant reception to the delegates, followed by a "Word of Welcome" from Rev. N. A. Haskell of the Denver Church, and an address by Rev. T. B. Forbush on the "*Raison d'Etre* of the Liberal Church."

Sunday morning Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Helena, preached the Conference sermon on "The Thought of God." Sunday afternoon was devoted to an interesting discussion of Sunday School work. In the evening we counted upon listening to Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, who has so long been identified in every good way with our work here, but a sore foot housed him at Colorado Springs. Though he could not come to us, he sent his essay on "The Higher Criticism", which Mr. Forbush read.

Monday afternoon was in charge of the ladies of the Conference, and three very interesting papers were read by Mrs. L. W. Bassett, on "Unitarianism in the Household", by Mrs. Mina S. Gabriel, on "Unitarians in the Charitable Movement", and by Dr. Sarah J. Fearing, on "Where and How Unitarianism has Grown". In the evening Prof. Krauss, of Colorado Springs, spoke on "Science and Unitarianism"; Rev. C. E. Montague, of Canon City, on "Importance of Religion to Society"; Rev. J. H. Crooker, on "The Ideal Church"; and Rev. T. B. Forbush, on "The Religious Attitude of the Unitarian Church."

With the exception of Helena and Greeley, the reports from the various churches were more hopeful than encouraging. The harvest is plenteous, the reapers are few. But we trust that the outlook in the fall will drive our fears away, and that another May will bring us once more together readier than ever to carry on the work so much needed here.

C. HOWARD WILSON,
Secretary.

Liberal Christian Conference at Ann Arbor, Mich.

A Conference of the Unitarian, Universalist and Independent churches of Michigan was held at Ann Arbor, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28 and 29. Nearly thirty churches were represented.

The Conference opened with an address of welcome from Professor W. H. Petter of the University, in behalf of the Ann Arbor church.

The first paper was read by Rev. A. G. Jennings, of Toledo, Ohio, on "A Religion to Bridge the Gulf between the Rich and the Poor." The essayist thought that such a gulf exists and is serious in its import. He believed that the church had great responsibility in the matter. He discussed the remedies for poverty which are proposed by socialism, and pronounced them to be largely illusive, because they are merely external; they do not aim at improving internal conditions; but it is in such internal conditions as pride, selfishness, envy, jealousy and ignorance, that alienation between rich and poor has its real roots. The greatest evil of poverty does not lie in its physical effects, but rather in its influence upon the minds of the poor in crushing their hope, their aspiration and their self-respect. There is no need so great as that of a religion which will impart to the rich a sense of responsibility and a desire to use their wealth for noble ends, and to the poor a constant re-enforcement of hope and courage and a feeling that a life may be in a very high degree successful even if it does not accumulate much material wealth. These few words in no sense do justice to the strength, wisdom and penetration of the paper. A vigorous, earnest and very helpful discussion followed, led by Professor F. M. Taylor, of the chair of political economy in the university.

On Tuesday afternoon there were two addresses upon "Woman's Work,"—(1) "In Universalist Churches," by Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter, of Lansing; and (2) "In Unitarian Churches," by Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor. These were followed by three addresses on "Young People's Organizations and Work,"—(1) "In Universalist Churches," by Rev. T. C. Andrus, of Tecumseh; (2) "In Orthodox Churches," by Mr. E. E. Watson, of Ann Arbor; and (3) "In Unitarian Churches," by Rev. Florence Buck, of Cleveland. The addresses, which were eminently practical and suggestive, were followed by discussion.

In the evening there was a "Platform Meeting." The general theme was, "The Kind of Religion the World Needs." The sub-topics and speakers were as follows: (1) "A Religion in Harmony with Reason and Growing Knowledge," by Rev. Geo. W. Buckley, of Sturgis; (2) "A Religion in harmony with the Teachings of Jesus," by Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit; (3) "An Unsectarian Religion, to Harmonize the Sects and Churches," by Rev. W. L. Gibbs, of Concord; (4) "A Religion which Cannot be Overturned or Outgrown," by Rev. T. B. Forbush, Chicago.

Wednesday began with a well-attended and very inspiring devotional meeting, led by Rev. J. Merrifield, of Manchester.

Next came an hour devoted to five-minute speeches on "The Printed Page as a Missionary Agency." Rev. W. L. Swan, of Marshall, spoke of the great value of tracts in awakening inquiry and setting people thinking, and named what he regarded as the best four tracts setting forth the Universalist faith. Rev. Mr. Forbush urged the value of tracts as a Post Office mission agency, and named what he thought the best four Unitarian tracts. The other subjects presented were: "The Best three Books setting forth the Universalist Faith," "The Best three Books setting forth the Unitarian Faith," "The Best S. S. Lessons on the Bible," "The Best Adult-class Lessons, or Manuals, on the Bible," "The Best Popular Books on the Bible," "Unitarian Periodicals," and "Universalist Periodicals." These short talks brought out many practical suggestions of value to missionary workers.

The paper that called out the warmest discussion of the conference was by Rev. Charles Legal, of Lansing, on "The Future of the Liberal Churches." The essayist believed that the steady progress and final triumph of liberal Christian thought is certain; how largely this is to be reached through the agency of the churches, organized distinctly as liberal, and how largely through the liberalizing of the orthodox churches, is a question the answer of which rests largely with the liberal churches themselves. If the liberal churches prove themselves equal to the great leadership that is offered them, a very grand and influential future is before them. The discussion was opened by a stirring speech from Rev. W. A. Taylor, of Jackson, and was participated in by a considerable number of ministers and laymen.

In the afternoon a paper of rare poetical beauty was read by Rev Reed Stuart, of Detroit, upon "Why Religion Prevails." This was followed by a very able and instructive address by Dr. V. C. Vaughan, dean of the medical department of the university, upon "Sanitation and Public Health," and a scholarly paper by Professor J. A. Craig, of the chair of Semitic languages in the university, on "Assyriology and the Bible."

The conference closed on Wednesday evening with a "Platform Meeting." The general subject was "Salvation." Rev. Dr. C. E. Tucker, of Bay City, spoke on "The Salvation of the Individual"; Rev. Geo. A. Sahlin, of Benton Harbor, on "Probation after Death"; Rev. T. C. Illman, of Grand Rapids, on the question, "Can Anybody be Saved Unless All are Saved?" and Rev. Lee S. McCollester, of Detroit, on "The Salvation of Society."

At the close of the conference resolutions were passed giving expression to the feeling of all that the experiment of a convention bringing together representatives of all the liberal Christian churches of the state had been a great success; that the spirit manifest throughout all the sessions had been most harmonious and fraternal; that nobody could tell from any theological utterance of any speaker whether the speaker was Unitarian, Universalist or Independent; that the conference had been an occasion of great mutual quickening; and that all would return home to work with more courage and hope in their respective churches and in connection with their respective denominations, because of their two days of contact with this larger comradeship.

A committee consisting of Rev. Charles Legal, of Lansing, Rev. W. L. Gibbs, of Concord, Rev. A. G. Jennings, of Toledo, and Rev. W. A. Taylor, were appointed to arrange for a similar conference next year.

J. T. S.

Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH: The last of the "Nickel Talks" before the Lowel Section of the Unity Club of All Souls Church, was given on Friday afternoon, May 24, by Mrs. Dean Bangs, for many years a sturdy and loyal supporter of the Unitarian and all good causes in Chicago, and one of the mothers of All Souls Church.

The subject was "Reminiscences of Early Chicago." Mrs. Bangs came to Chicago in 1849, and retains a vivid impression of the crude frontier town which then seemed to her so sadly different from the beautiful New England city she had left. Even then the three divisions of the city had their characteristic differences—the north side with its market gardens and wooden houses hovering close to the sidewalk; the west side with its prairie and few houses so isolated that wayfarers frequently lost themselves in the cowpaths; the south side with its scrub oaks, its shipping and its stockyards. She told us of the day on which she listened to the wonderful

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eloquence of Louis Kossuth, of Lincoln's nomination and election, and the black day when the city was draped in mourning for its dead hero; of Camp Douglass and the Sanitary Fair, with its booths and flags, and its little inland lake where the mock battle took place between the miniature Monitor and Merrimac, and the pathetic martial spirit of the boys in knickerbockers. Then came the great fire and the city's marvelous resurrection, followed by the golden days when Robert Collyer was in his prime and Chicago had just enough of club and social life for intellectual quickening and not enough to confuse and satiate. But the very best of the recollections came when the paper was laid aside and a few well directed questions from the leader unsealed the tenderer and more personal memories, dimming the eyes of some of us with the feeling, if not with the definite thought,

How much can come
And much can go
And yet abide the world!

Truly, we have not far to go for the wonders of history, but the best of it is long in finding its way into the books. And when such priceless memories do at length become crystalized in some permanent form, we are apt to forget they were history and call them poetry or myth.

With warmest thanks to Mrs. Bangs for the glimpse she had given us behind the curtain, we came away, thinking of the blessedness of living, with open eyes, a thinking mind and, best of all, a helping hand, while and where such chapters were being written in the Book of Life. E. H. W.

Baltimore.

The Baltimore Section of the National Council of Jewish Women celebrated the first anniversary of its formation with a public meeting. The report of the secretary, Miss Rose Sommerfeld, stated that 156 Jewish women and girls now belong to the Baltimore branch, of whom 115 have been added since it was first organized last May. During the winter four Study Circles were maintained, the members of which were engaged in reading the Bible and in studying Jewish history.

Charles City, Ia.

Rev. Mr. Mulholland is rejoicing in the opportunities of the beautiful Universalist church building which was dedicated about a month ago "to everyday human uses and so in the best possible way to the glory of God." These words are from the dedication sermon preached by Rev. J. N. Palmer, of Cedar Rapids.

La Porte, Ind.

The liberal society at this place has grown considerably since it has become strictly non-sectarian; and several of the leading members are working actively for the extension of THE NEW UNITY'S subscription list. The society is still without a minister, its pulpit being chiefly supplied by the liberal ministers of Chicago, and by the Rev. Geo. B. Penney, who has been sojourning in La Porte for a time, and has several times preached for the La Porte liberals.

Minneapolis, Minn.

At a meeting held May 5 at the vestry rooms of the temple, Rabbi A. Friedman was unanimously elected for a term of years. Rev. Dr. H. M. Simmons of the first Unitarian church occupied Dr. Friedman's pulpit recently, taking for his subject, "Progress." His eloquent discourse was enjoyed by all present.

New York.

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nue, was laid last Wednesday afternoon by Mayor Strong. After a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Gottheil, the president of the institution, C. L. Bernheim read a history of the home, showing it to be the largest one of its kind in the world. The projected addition to the building will provide accommodations for 100 persons, and will cost $60,000.

Pasadena, Cal.

Fourteen adults joined the Universalist church here on Easter Sunday, making over fifty new members Miss Kolloch has added to her congregation in the past year.

San Francisco, Cal.

SECOND CHURCH. The church working year, which is just ending, has been a fruitful one in all respects, especially in the spiritual growth of the society. At the Pacific Conference this church recently reported that it had received thirty-six new members during the year, that it had paid all current expenses, and reduced the mortgage on the church property from $5,000 to $4,500, which, with the condition of finances, is a very creditable showing. Mr. Sprague has recently taken a Sunday to help a sister church, at Stockton, on which occasion Mrs. Sprague preached again in the morning to a large and delighted audience. Mr. Monteith, a contributor to the *Non-Sectarian*, preached in the evening and greatly convinced the people that a most able and charming man is being lost to the church of free religion in the absence from the regular pulpit of Hon. John Monteith, M. A.

Mrs. Sprague has just closed the evening meeting of the young people for the summer, after a session of nine months. The meetings have been attended by from thirty to sixty young people, who have been studying the Bible from a literary and ethical standpoint with much enthusiasm and profit. The meetings will be resumed again in August.

The annual floral service was celebrated the morning of May 19. Some 160 children of the Sunday School gathered in the auditorium, and an hour was profitably spent in attending to the address of the superintendent, Mrs. Sprague, the recitations of the children, and the exercise of baptism, which Mr. Sprague administered to five children and two young women.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague leave by boat for Portland, May 29. From Portland they will proceed to Spokane, where they will occupy the pulpit of the Unitarian Church, while Rev. A. G. Wilson comes to this city to preach in the Second Church till the return of Mr. and Mrs Sprague in August.

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OF THE

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OF
Liberal Religious Societies,

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OUT OF THE EAST: Reviews and Studies in New Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 341 pp.; $1.25.

There is no European or American writer, we believe, who has so far entered into sympathy with the life of the Japanese as Mr. Lafcadio Hearn. It is not that he has lived longer in the East than other Occidentals, but that he has a nature singularly open to the meanings of Oriental life, which so generally escape the grasp of the Westerner. It should perhaps be said, however, that the very characteristics of our author which fit him to read aright the life of the Orient have some tendency to lessen the sympathy between him and his own people; and on this account it may be that a reader will get little advantage from our author's insight unless that reader be one who has already, from other sources, learned some of the first letters of the alphabet of Oriental sympathy. However this may be, the study of these essays cannot but be helpful to one who really cares to enlarge his life by looking, as it were, from the inside at a people whose life history is very different from his own. Some of the essays here published have been completed since the beginning of the war with China, a fact which brings the book very much up to date and gives it added interest. The paper entitled "Jiujutso" is perhaps the most valuable and original in the collection, and may do more to help an outsider to understand the policy of this remarkable people than all else that has been written on the subject. Of course Mr. Hearn writes as an artist, not as a photographer; but no one who is not a slave to literalism will be misled by this fact.

We heartily commend the book to lovers of literature and to students of mankind.

F. W. S.

MESSRS. CHAS. H. KERR & Co. have gotten out an amusing little pamphlet (10 cents) entitled "Illustrated First Reader in Social Economics for Backward Pupils." It is in words of one and two syllables, printed in large type, like a veritable primer, and contains thirteen short lessons all designed to show the necessity and desirability of government banking. In attributing the evils of society chiefly to laws enacted in the interest of the money lenders, it is of course extremely one-sided.

The Magazines.

THE EIGHT HOUR HERALD is one of the handsomest of the small papers that come to our office; and, judging by the issue of May 25, it is well edited, although we are sorry to see in it so much hostility to other branches of organized laborers than those it represents. It appears twice a month.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AS INTERPRETED BY UNITARIANS. By Brooke Herford, D. D. London: Philip Green. 99 pp.; 1 *s.*

THE BIBLE A HUMAN BOOK. By Frank Walters. (Pages for Religious Inquirers, No. 13.) Paper, 20 pp.; 1 *d.*

THE CHRIST-WORD *versus* THE CHURCH-WORD. By Prof. J. B. Turner. Chicago: Office of The Philosophical Journal. Paper; 35 pp.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN, U. S. A.: A very possible story. By W. H. Bishop. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 369 pp.; $1.00.

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The Physical Basis of Ethics, Sociology and Religion. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 447 pp.; $2.00.

THE YELLOW BOOK. An Illustrated Quarterly. Vol. V. April, 1895. London: John Lane. Boston: Copeland and Day. 316 pp.; $1.50.

School of Applied Ethics.

The complete program of the Fourth Summer Session of the School of Applied Ethics, which has just been issued, offers an important and attractive list of subjects and lecturers. The session is to be held as heretofore at Plymouth, Mass., a town rich in historic associations, which, with its opportunities for sea-bathing and its close proximity to Boston, make it admirably adapted for such a summer gathering.

The session begins Monday, July 8, and continues five weeks. There will be four departments: Economics, Ethics, Education and History of Religions. The following are some of the subjects to be treated.

In the Department of Economics Prof. Clark, of Amherst, is to give five lectures on the relation of Economics and Politics; Prof. Adams of the University of Michigan, a course on the Relation of Government to Industry and another on Taxation,—its Politit cal, Industrial and Social Significance; Prof. Jenks, of Cornell, is to make a Comparative Study of Industrial Legislation; Prof. Hadley, of Yale, considers the Misunderstandings about Economic Terms; and Prof. Gould, lecturer in Johns Hopkins University and recently appointed Professor of Statisticsin the University of Chicago, gives five lectures on Industrial Labor in Europe and the United States.

In the Department of Ethics Prof. Felix Adler is to give a course of lectures on the Ethical Aspect of Various Labor Problems, such as Boycotts, Strikes, Arbitration, Socialism and the Family, Trades Unionism, etc. Mr. Stimson, a prominent lawyer of Boston, gives a course on the Effect of Modern Economic Development upon the Interpretation of he Law; Mr. Sheldon, of St. Louis, lectures on Methods of Social Reform; and a course on the Referendum in Europe and the United States is announced.

In the Department of Education, a week is to be devoted to various subjects relating to the Education of Women, and another week to the Organization of Education in its different aspects. Ten prominent educators are announced to give lectures in this department.

The Department of History of Religions will be devoted to a study of some religious tendencies of the day. Tendencies of Thought in the Different Churches will be presented by Prof. Nash, of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, Rabbi David Philipson, of Cincinnati, Dr. Henry Hartshorne, of the Society of Friends of Philadelphia, Rev. S. M. Crothers (Unitarian), of Cambridge, Rev. H. L. Wayland, editor of the *Examiner*, Rev. A. E. Dunning, editor of the *Congregationalist*, and others; the Relation of Religion to recent Psychology and Philosophy, by Prof. Ladd, of Yale University; Religion in Literature in Different Countries since 1850, by Mr. Lovett, of the University of Chicago, Prof. Huff, of the University of Vermont and Professors Francke and Baker, of Harvard University; the Problem of Church and State in France, Germany, Italy, England and the United States by Rev. Dr. Wayland, Prof. Emerton, of the Harvard Divinity School, Prof. Cohn, of Columbia College, and Prof. Marsh, of Harvard.

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Russia.

The inspector of the Kieff School District has issued a circular, in accordance with the order of the Minister of Public Instruction. The circular refers to the inconsistencies with the Melamdim Law of 1st March, 1893, which were discovered when a census of Chedorim was taken. According to this order, the following are prohibited: 1, The existence of two Chedorim in one house; 2, the teaching of Talmud, Hebrew grammar, or the multiplication table; 3, the reading of works by Schulmann, Rumsch and others; 4, the decoration of the Chedorim walls by portraits of prominent Jews; 5, the existence of boarding schools in connection with the Chedorim. The government rabbis of the provinces of Kieff, Podolsk and Volhnia were instructed through the Melamdim to strictly adhere to these additional rules.

The expulsions of Jews from villages of the Taurida Province have lately increased. Even families who lived in villages for 10 to 20 years, and who have always been on the best terms with everybody and did no harm to anybody, are expelled in a short time. The greater part of the expulsions took place in the following villages: Mikhailooka, Melitopol Uyezd, Seitler, Theodosia Uyezd, and the following railway stations of the Perekop Uyezd: Taganash, Diankoy and Koorman. Even people who have the right of residence in villages are expelled; it is sufficient for a peasant to state that a certain Jew has settled in the village after 3d May, 1882, for that Jew to be immediately expelled. There have been cases of Jews suffering from serious illness being treated in such a manner.

The Bessarabia Provincial Office has recently ordered the expulsion from the village Kogooresht (Soroki Uyezd) of nine Jewish families, on the ground that they were not entered in the registers for 1882. Yet they all lived there for 20 and 30 years, and some were even born there. It appears now that the registers mentioned in their returns only the heads of the families, and paid no attention to the minor members. And now all these people have to go from their homes.

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